

What Do You Eat?
Electric Light Flour
Has Long Been a Favorite.
The mill has just been remodeled, and the flour is better than ever.
IF YOU LIKE GOOD BREAD
GIVE IT A TRIAL.
Electric Light Flour
WORK & CO.
only sold by ALL GROCERS.

When your Cash Purchases aggregate \$40,
you will be presented with your
choice of our beautiful

Pastel Pictures Free

WHY WE DO IT.

We are giving away beautiful Pastel Pictures for two reasons:
FIRST—We wish to express to our old customers our appreciation of their patronage.
SECOND—We hope to induce a large number of new customers to trade with us at least long enough to test the quality of our goods, our prices, our reliability, and our way of doing business.
We believe in enterprise and advertising, and that every one in business ought to use all honorable means to make his trade as large and his customers as numerous as possible. Please bear in mind that we make no advance in the price of our goods on account of this offer. We will continue to be headquarters for good goods and low prices, and expect by increasing our trade to be able to sell on a closer margin and to offer better bargains than ever before.
We respectfully solicit your patronage and will take pleasure in presenting you with the pictures to which your purchases will entitle you.

Risdon & Taylor.

F. C. PARK,

The Jeweler,

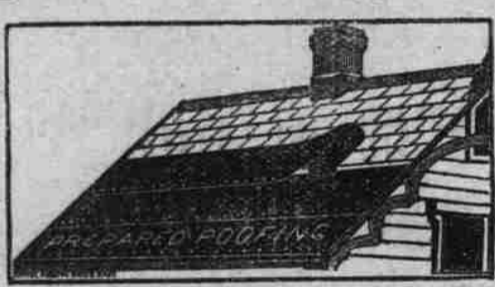
Has just received new and elegant designs in Silver Ware, the richest and most artistic ever shown in Ravenna. We can be of service to parties contemplating purchases, whether for gift tokens or personal outfit, in this line. You will need to learn our prices before purchasing, as we court comparison with any house in this section, in this most essential consideration in inventory of outfit.

Also, the most complete line of Time Keepers in this section, put up in cases of the latest pattern. In Gold, Silver, and Plated material. If you are an admirer of the beautiful, combined with correct mechanism, you will be well repaid in examining our superb stock—"correct" in price, as well as intrinsic value. New stock of Umbrellas, in Gold, Silver, and Natural Wood Handles.
Our usual fine display of Diamonds, Jewelry, Solid and Silver Plated Table Ware, and unique Gift Novelties.

We are always glad to see our friends, whether as purchasers or admiring callers in inspection of our goods.

F. C. PARK, THE JEWELER

Portage Co Roofing Company.



BOOM for FARMERS!

Elmira Roofing and Fire Proof Paint for
Barns, Roofs, &c, \$1.00 per Gallon.
Old Shingle Roofs made good as new.

W. B. TAYLOR, Agent,
South Prospect St., or rear of Ford's Variety Store, RAVENNA, O.

GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store
AND SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

FURNITURE, CROCKERY

Lamps, Glassware
NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES!
PLATED WARE & C.

To be found in one house in the State.

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies,
FROM \$2.50 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown
AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass.

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT
IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD.

Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A. JENKINS & CO.,
No. 8, Phenix Block.

HORSE BLANKETS & ROBES

A SPECIALTY.

We also carry a full line of

WINTER * GLOVES

You know how we are on prices.

G. W. GOCKEL.

THE DEMOCRATIC

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 1261

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS

P. O. WOOD, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Best Brands of Roller Flour

ALL KINDS OF FEED.

Delivered to any part of the City

Try our "DAISY" Brand of Flour.

YOU MAY GET LEFT

Remember, also, that our stock of Pictures, Frames, Fire Screens, Easels, Artists' Materials, Etc., is the largest in the city, and that we are making VERY LOW PRICES on all these goods. Call and see us at No. 4 Opera Block.

J. H. OAKLEY.

Rubber Boots.

We sell them. We can furnish them for
\$2.00 A PAIR.

But we have better goods that are much cheaper for the purchaser. We are agents for
The E. STOUT PATENT SNAG PROOF BOOTS,

positively the only snag proof boot sold in this section. We are selling the
MISHAWAKA ALL-KNIT SEAMLESS WOOL BOOT.

We can furnish felt boots for children as well as for their fathers and grandfathers. Bear in mind we have
THE COLCHESTER SPADING BOOTS.

They are superior to any other brand in wearing qualities. By the way, we have not forgotten the needs of the fair sex, and are prepared with
LADIES' RUBBER BOOTS.

STORM RUBBERS, ARCTICS and OVER-GAITERS.
Every possible need in rubber boots and shoes can be satisfied with our complete stock to select from.

F. P. CHAPMAN.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY

The New Fall and Winter

Suits and Overcoats

Hats, Caps and Furnishings.

The Latest and Newest

The prices are right and fit your Pocket Book. —Also,

* Suits, Overcoats and Pants Made to Order, *

From finest Foreign and Domestic Woolens, in latest styles. Good work guaranteed, and prices right. Call on us.

P. FLATH,

The Old Reliable Clothier and Merchant Tailor. Phenix Block.

The Leading Drug Store

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Is the Place to Buy

YOUR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES COMBS, ETC.
FANCY ARTICLES, PERFUMERY IN GREAT
VARIETY OF ODDS; MIXED PAINTS AND
PAINTERS' BRUSHES.

W. T. McCONNEY

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

CASH BUYERS

Will you kindly remember that we are still cutting prices

Below all Competition!

Think of it! Read it again! You see we are strictly in it on lowest prices. Don't buy cheap shoddy goods. They look well, but are "cheap" at any price. Examine them critically, then come and compare with ours. Also,

See Our New Spring Goods!

and extremely low prices on them. Never could you get so good value for so little money. And remember, too, that our goods are guaranteed as represented.

BARGAIN SHOE HOUSE!

W. F. TOWNS, RAVENNA, O.

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Drugs, * Patent * Medicines, * &c.

—IS AT—

PACKER'S DRUG STORE

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

If you don't heed our warning
and have sittings for your Holi-
day Photos made NOW.
The prices this month are an
inducement which you can hardly
afford to overlook.

Too Progressive for Him.
I am something of a veteran, just a-torn
eighty years—
A man of some hearty and stranger
tew
But I've had some new this mornin'
that has made my old head spin.
An' I'm givin' four new consuns if I never
break 'em.

I've lived my four-score years of life
and never did low-day
Wuz I taken for a jakes or an ign'rant kind
of jay.
Tew he struffed with such durned nonsense
bout them crawlin' bugs an' worms
That's a kiltin' human bein's with their "micro-
scopic germs."
They say there's "microbes" all about a look-
in' for their prey.
There's a "microbe" eatin' out our drink an' no
safe place for any.
There's a "microbe" in the dewfall and "ma-
lady" in the air.
Tain't safe to be outdoors at noon or when
the day is done.

There's a "microbe" in the water and "trikeen"
in the milk.
"Amoeba" in the atmosphere, "calory" in the
heat.
There's a "microbe" in the "pigments" in a
human bein's blood.
An' every other kind of "thing existin'" sense
the food.

Terbacher's full of "microbes," whatever
that may be.
An' you know it all got packed with the
"microbe" in the tea.
The butter's "microbe" never saw a
cow.
An' things is gittin' worse and worse from what
they be doin' now.

Them bugs is all about us, just a-waitin' for a
chance.
Tew nactus on our vitals and "new us of like
plants."
There's a "microbe" that spends a lifetime waitin'
writin' just like a goose.
An' tuckin' Latin names to an an' lettin' on
'em loose.

Now I don't believe such nonsense an' I'm not
nowin' now.
If things has come tew such a pass I'm satis-
fied tew do.
I'll go hang me in the sular, for I won't be
As to waitin' I'm pisoned by a "microbe" an'
—Laurus W. Sheldon, in Brooklyn Life.

JIM'S MISLEADING.

"I think," said Marie, "there is a
house upon the north of yonder
mountain. Perhaps it is a deserted
ranch."
"It is a cabin, and seems to be de-
serted," might bring water from the
ranch and bathe our faces," sug-
gested Marie, fanning with her flap-
ping shade hat, a face once lily fair,
now sun-kissed and wild-blown to a
tawny hue sadly at variance with the
flaxen hair.

"Somebody has lately been here, and
that somebody is a woman. She must
have been here of late—oh, Lucille,
do not look into the kitchen!"
cried Marie. "Why did we stop here?
It is a woman!"
A search in the house for a vessel
that would hold water was vain. For-
tunately some thrifty traveler had
sought the shiny side of the huge
mountain, when they rested and lunched,
leaving behind them a number of
empty cans.

"Alkali!" exclaimed Marie, tasting
the clear and cold but disagreeably
impregnated water.
The woman revived, opened her
bristly hazel eyes, and looked woe-
ingly about her. We held water to
her lips which she drank thirstily, say-
ing feebly:

"It's coolin' when one's burnt up.
I've wanted water so dreadfully, an'
I've nubbidy to give me a drop. Jim—
my man—he—he—went on—
I don't know. I don't know. I don't know."
bender him—sense—
"Don't talk if it distresses you. I
have crackers in my bag. I'll moisten
them with water, and you must eat,"
said Marie soothingly.

"God has sent you. The poor tramp
will not die alone. You'll write to fa-
ther an' mother—oh, Lucille, don't
leave me! I don't know. I don't know."
bender him—sense—
"You see I was an only daughter, an'
I've lived beside father's mill in a
corner place behind the hills. The big
mill wheel was allus com'p'ny for me.
I'd take my knittin' an' linen
bleachin' close to the bank, an' watch
the water 'showerin' an' sparkin' as
the wheel buzzed and whirled around.
Oh, I hear in my dreams the water
drip, drip, drippin' from that old
wheel!"

"Father and mother warned me
an' Jim when he hired as a hand an'
came to board with us. But Jim's
eyes were so sparkin' his hair black as
a crow's wing an' his ways so winin'!
That I couldn't believe he'd do as
mother said, break a woman's heart
an' laugh at her for lovin' 'em, an'
then I wanted to get out in Jim's
world where folks hadn't gone to
see!"

"Father offered Jim a share in the
mill if he'd stiddy down, but he had
no idee o' doin' that. So one night I
stole away like a thief from the house
an' went with Jim. Hand in hand we
stood beside the old mill.
The drip, drip, drippin' of the water
said, 'Don't break the hearts of those
dear old people!' I cried out:

"I can't do this thing!"
"But Jim kissed me and said:
'You shall never rue the step. I
love you more than life itself.'"
"I followed his leadin', heavin' plain
for days afterward the swash of the
water over the dam.

"Jim's leadin' has led me down,
down into poverty, shame, an' all
sorts of sufferin'. I've half starved,
frozen, borne abuse, neg'lected, an' now
I'm dyin' a tramp, a stragglin' woman,
jest the sort of creature 'at I'd hide
away from in those old happy days."

"Jim's with a show. A back-
packer. Milly Trevanion, liked my man.
She has bold black eyes an' red cheeks
an' a fine figure. She's a beauty. You
know that, an' you know that she
is Mademoiselle Trevanion. Car-
ter Brothers had no place in their com-
bination for me 'cept washin' dishes,
cookin', an' work that broke me
down. Write to father an' mother, 'at
I've kep' my hands clean, an' I'm
worthy to look into their honest eyes.
I've never forgot to love 'em."

"I've buried my little girl in—"
Suddenly a new light came into the
hazel eyes; the worn face appeared
young and brighter. Lightly and
trippingly she sang:

"Down the stream as cheerily beside the
mill we now
Where the echoes merrily their playful chorus
thru."
An' the tide, the tide, goes the mill.
"Turn the boat, Jim. Isn't the water
beautiful in the sunlight? Only hear it
drippin' from the wheel!"
"Oh, Lucille," sobbed Marie, "isn't it
sad?"

Again the sweet voice thrilled:
"When we call, oh, readily she answers us
Drops the wheel right steadily to hear our
time for you; your intercourse with
them has been too constantly con-
temperant for that. But the old ac-
quaintances whom you only see once a
year carry you back every time to the
years when you first knew them."
—Seribner.

A Possibility.
Mrs. Plankington (sorrowfully)—"If
my husband would only stop playing
poker I could have a new bonnet like
yours."
Mrs. Witherby—"If he had
stopped playing with my husband be-
fore they began the last time you
might have had this."—Lyle.

In response the sweet trembling
voice sang:
"We had a well, a deep old well, where the
spring lies never dry.
And the cool drops down from the mossy stone
were falling constantly.
And there never was water half so sweet as
drawn from the curb by the rule old sweep
with its little cup."
"Try Lucille," urged Marie. "In-
duce her to speak her mother's name.
The dear old people must not wait
longer for tidings."
"I have—loved—you allus—Jim—
God will—not be—hard on the weak."

"There is no other way. We must
hasten home and return here in the
morning," said Marie, pityingly fold-
ing the cold dead hands.

Quite early the next morning a com-
pany of warm-hearted pioneers men
and women laid in a nameless grave
in the shadow of the great flower-cov-
ered mound on the camp. There were
bruises upon the emaciated body that
had been inflicted by cruel and heavy
hands.

"We shall never know now," Marie
mourned, as a thorough search in the
hut failed to bring to light even a
slight clue to her identity.

A few days later we sat in a hotel
parlor, watching with interest the un-
usual bustle and stir in this little far
western hamlet. The Carter Brothers'
combination was billed for after-
noon and evening performance.

Before the earlier dinner Signor Vil-
lini, a handsome, low-browed man,
entered the parlor with a coarsely
handsome young woman, gaudily at-
tired in a rainbow-hued embroidered
satin. Signor Villini was loudly com-
plaining that Mademoiselle Trevanion,
who superciliously said she would
speak to him.

"Oh, Lucille, it's Jim and that crea-
ture!" And our poor prodigal really
loved that scamp!" whispered Marie.
We sought an interview with the
man, meaning instead Mademoiselle
Trevanion, who superciliously said she
would speak to him.

Incautiously Marie explained:
"We have lately buried his wife and
desire to write to her parents. We
cannot do this until we obtain from
her husband the proper address."

"So Sal is dead!" exclaimed the wo-
man, complacently smoothing her satin
girdle with a pair of plump hands.
Jim's free to marry whom he pleases.
Oh, he's a good fellow. You
find him somewhere about. I'm not his
keeper—leastwise not yet, you know."

Signor Villini did not appear during
the afternoon performance, "unexpec-
tedly summoned out of town," ex-
plained the proprietor of the combination.
Marie beamed her unluckily speech,
saying: "We shall never have another
opportunity to learn that poor crea-
ture's name or that of those dear old
people. Perhaps it is a mercy, one of
God's mysterious boons, that they do
not know the worst; yet it would com-
fort them to know that she died with
clean hands, having kept her faith and
purity through years of Jim's mislead-
ing."—Eckunge.

Two Kinds of Benefits.
"One of the arguments in favor of a
future existence," said a well-known
gentleman of sporting propensities,
who was present at his first prize-fight
when Corbett and Sullivan met at New
Orleans, "is the iniquity of the pres-
ent life. When I was in New Orleans
I was piloted around by a native who
knew the sporting men all over the
country. A few days after the fight
we were in the street together, when
my attention was attracted by a fine-
looking, well-dressed gentleman, who
seemed to be the center of an admir-
ing circle of friends."

"Who is that finely dressed gen-
tleman, I inquired."
"That," said my friend, "is Corbett,
the pugilist. He is always surrounded
by a host of friends, as you see him
now. He is very well off; gave him-
self a benefit fight, and cleared him-
self for a matter of some thousands of
dollars."—Eckunge.

"That is old Text, the minister, a
very learned man; has been a preach-
er all his life, has a large family and
is poor as a rat. He had a benefit the
other night, too."

"Didn't it net him much?"
"I don't believe so. You see it
was a kind of surprise. His parish-
ioners called upon him in a body, at
everything he had in the house and
back and hunted for hours, until at
last Thom-son—that was your father
—found the baby two miles back, fast
asleep under an elderberry bush by
the roadside."

There wasn't much, although she
did nothing but knit now, that grand-
mother hadn't done. She had made
her husband's and children's clothes,
and woven the cloth for the clothes be-
sides. She could make butter and
soap, and cure beef and milk the wa-
ter. She had made shoes for the children
and plaited straw for their hats, and
you knew when you heard these things
why your father sometimes kissed the
crooked hands so gently.

Grandma had a dread of strange
faces and new ways, and slipped quiet-
ly out of sight when strangers came
in, or answered shyly, like a child, yet
with a quaint little dignity, when they
spoke to her with the ostentatious
kindness that people use with the old.

The world and its ways did not in-
terest her much, except sometimes
when it struck upon her with a sharp
sense of contrast with the past. This
was not the feebleness of an extreme
old age or the listlessness of an invalid,
but the calm withdrawal of one whose
active interests were over, and whose
mind chose to look out on life as her
eyes looked out on the world from the
quiet of her own room, through the
clear muslin curtains of her window.

This was not the first time in twenty
five years ago—the grandmother you
and I and many others knew, the
grandmother that grew old because
the leisurely times permitted it and to
whom old age was neither a dread nor
a reproach, but the "stilly twilight" of
a life that had been as beautiful in
activity as it was in repose.

More than He Could Stand.
First sweet thing—"An' you type-
writing for old Briefs any more?"
Second s. t.—"No. He had some papers
to make out about a partition suit
one day last week, and just because I
asked him if it was anything like a
divided skirt he got mad and fired me.
I don't know, though, I'm going to get
married just as soon as Willie gets his
salary raised anyhow."—Indianapolis
Journal.

Hit the Hen.
Mrs. Suburb—I threw a stone at a
hen, and hit it, too.
Mr. Suburb—With the stone?
Mrs. Suburb—No, but my ring dew
off and hit it right square.—N. Y.
Weekly.

She Did Keep the Article.
This is a story which came original-
ly from Frank Hopkinson Smith, an
author of "Col. Carter of Cartersville."
The story is about an old colored wo-
man who kept a little store in a small
town in Virginia. One day a huge,
fat negro waddled into the store.
"You ain't got no Canton flannel, is
you?" she said. The proprietress im-
mediately got angry. "Who—who
said I ain't got no Canton flannel?" she
exclaimed. "I ain't said you ain't got
no Canton flannel," replied the other,
also angry. "I jist ax you is you?"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

GRANDMOTHER IS DEAD.

In Her Place Sits a Vivacious Creature
Called "Auntie."

The grandmother is no more! The
modern woman whose daughter has a
daughter is not a grandmother. She
wears a curly front face massage and
unguented hair, and she wrinkles
away, and her grandchildren call her
"Auntie."

She is vivacious and up-to-date, she
skirt-dances. She wears fashionable
clothes and gives afternoon teas. She
knows no more about a spinning-wheel
than her grand-daughter does, and she
never made butter, and she embroid-
ers, but she does not knit. She is
charming, well-bred and lovable, but
she is not a grandmother.

Years ago, says a writer in the N. Y.
World, there was a little old lady—we
know her, you and I—she was small
and slight as a fairy godmother and
frail as porcelain.

Her skin was neither white nor
pink, but yellow-white and full of fine
little lines like a bit of ivory carving.
Her hair was silvery white and was
brushed back under the little white
cap. Mademoiselle Trevanion, who
forehead. The lips had lost their
color, but were still sweet and full and
firm, and always about them there was
that serene look that made you so
often wonder why "Grandma" always
smiled. Across her eyes—she had
been dark once, with little gold-brown
lights in them like a shiny brown pool
in which the early autumn leaves were
slowly dropping—had come a little
white film like frost, and they looked
far away, instead of focusing clearly
and sharply near at hand.

You loved the dear dim eyes, and
yet sometimes you were afraid of them,
and once you said when you saw the
picture of the Sphinx, "Grandma, what
makes its eyes like yours?"

Marie sat in a low chair by
the window so many tedious hours
in the day—you wondered that she
never grew tired—and knitted with
her eyes on her work, and
always the far-away look on her face.
When she rose from her chair she
always steadied herself with her hand
on the arm.

Then you saw how her back was bent
and how she swayed unsteadily before
she moved slowly off.

Sometimes her dress was black and
sometimes it was gray, but there was
always a white kerchief folded about
her neck and fastened with a little
rouge-gilt pin.

When she neither knitted nor read,
she folded her hands in her lap—thin
hands with the fingers slightly bent
and a curious look of patience about
them that even a child's eye could
see.

She seldom laughed and never
scooped, and never but once did you
see the serenity that shone about her
broken by tears. That was when your
oldest brother lay close to the door of
death, and when you saw "Grandma"
bowed head, you whispered to your
sister in awe-struck tones, "I saw
Grandma crying." To this day the
solemnity of the sight comes back to
you.

Grandmother sometimes told you
stories about the days when she and
your grandfather and the three little
children left Connecticut and came to
Ohio on an ox-cart, and how they were
three months on the way, and how one
night, as a frightful storm came up,
they found the cat in the baby cradle,
and the baby missing. And what con-
sideration there was as they turned
back and hunted for hours, until at
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